

cruising up and down, back
and forth, north, south, east
and west the wide sundown streets
of Ogallala, Nebraska.

Here, Black Elk

once stood
at the center of the
world
and wept for his people.

the peace broken
like a stick .

Three Dollars

The double ax makes a crutch
of the alder it will cut
when I snuff the firefly butt
that flits and puffs
between my hands and smoky mouth.
Let the fools crash
and curse ahead
destroying what's left of the wild earth
for three dollars a goddam hour.

I'm less a man enuf
to sit and huff a while
upon a bare rock
next a lone withered foxglove,
seedpods crackt like broken bells
lost of summer's purple tone;
shaken in the wind, brown seeds fall
like gold from an alchemy cup.

Crawling

How to keep Albion from eating
cigar butts, razor blades, bottle caps, dog shit
and a lot of other words -- supposed
to keep my eye on him

So, we go out
into the dry sun, sit
in the brittle
grass to share
a green apple.